CHAPTER XXXI-Continued.

"Feigning again?" I demanded an

He shook his head, his stern mouth had drifted down my neck. shaping the strangest, twisted smile. It was indeed a twisted smile, for it was on the left side only, the facial muscles of the right side moving not

"That was the last play of the Wolf," he said. "I am paralyzed. I shall never walk again. Oh, only on the other side," he added, as though divining the suspicious glance I flung at his left leg, the knee of which had just then drawn up and elevated the blank-

"It's unfortunate," he continued. "I'd liked to have done for you first, Hump. And I thought I had that much left in me.'

"But how can you account for it?" I asked. "Where is the seat of your

"The brain," he said at once. "It was those cursed headaches brought it on.

"Symptoms," I said. He nodded his head. "There is no

accounting for it. I was never sick Larsen's living death. in my life. Something's gone wrong with my brain. A cancer, a tumor, that devours and destroys. It's attacking my nerve centers, eating them up. bit by bit, cell by cell-from the pain."

"The motor centers, too," I suggested.

of it is that I must lie here, conscious, times. we would wait for the connecmentally unimpaired, knowing that the lines are going down, breaking bit by bit communication with the world. cannot see, hearing and feeling are leaving me, at this rate I shall soon cease to speak; yet all the time I shall be here, alive, active and powerless."

"When you say you are here, I'd suggest the likelihood of the soul," I

"Bosh!" was his retort. "It simply means that in the attack on my brain the higher psychical centers are untouched. I can remember, I can think and reason. When that goes, I go. I am not. The soul?"

He broke out in mocking laughter then turned his left ear to the pillow as a sign that he wished no further conversation.

Maud and I went about our work oppressed by the fearful fate which had overtaken him-how fearful we were yet fully to realize. There was the awfulness of retribution about it Our thoughts were deep and solemn and we spoke to each other scarcely above whispers.

"You might remove the handcuffs." he said that night, as we stood in consultation over him. "It's dead safe. I'm a paralytic now. The next thing to watch out for is bed sores."

He smiled his twisted smile and Maud, her eyes wide with horror, was compelled to turn away her head.

"Do you know that your smile is crooked?" I asked him; for I knew that she must attend him, and I wished to save her as much as possible.

"Then I shall smile no more," he said calmly. "I thought something was wrong. My right cheek has been numb all day. Yes, and I've had warnings of this for the last three days; by spells, my right side seemed going to sleep, sometimes arm or hand, sometimes leg or foot."

"So my smile is crooked?" he querted a short while after. "Well, consider henceforth that I smile internally, with my soul, if you please, my soul. Consider that I am smiling now.

And for the space of several minutes he lay there, quiet, indulging his grotesque fancy.

The man of him was not changed. It was the old, indomitable, terrible Wolf Larsen, imprisoned somewhere within that flesh which had once been so invincible and splendid. Now it bound him with insentient fetters, walling his soul in darkness and sitence, blocking it from the world which to him had been a riot of action. No more would he conjugate the verb "to do" in every mood and tense. "To be" was all that remained to him -to be, as he had defied death, without movement; to will, but not to excoute; to think and reason and in the spirit of him to be as alive as ever. but in the flesh to be dead, quite dead,

And yet, though I even removed the bandcuffs, we could not adjust ourselves to his condition. Our minds revolted. To us he was full of potentiality. We knew not what to expect of him next, what fearful thing, rising above the fiesh, he might break out and do. Our experience warranted this state of mind, and we went about our work with anxiety always upon

I had solved the problem which had erisen through the shortness of the shears. It was the morning of the third day that I swung the foremast from the deck and proceeded to square its butt to fit the step. Here I was the windlass, I hoisted the mast nearespecially awkward. I sawed and rhopped and chiseled the weathered tackle fast, I took to the windlass the wood till it had the appearance of having been gnawed by some gigantic

mouse. But it fitted. "It will work, I know it will work,"

"Do you know Doctor Jordan's final

test of truth?" Maud asked. I shook my head and paused in the act of dislodging the shavings which

"'Can we make it work? Can we trust our lives to it?' is the test."

"He is a favorite of yours," I said "When I dismantled my old Panheon and cast out Napoleon and Caesar and their fellows, I straightway erected a new Pantheon," she answered grawely, "and the first I installed was Doctor Jordan."

"A modern hero." "And a greater because modern." she added. 'How can the Old World

heroes compare with ours!"

I shook my head. We were too much alike in many things for argument. Our point of view and outlook on life at least were very like.

"For a pair of critics we agree famously," I laughed.

"And as shipwright and able assistant," she laughed back.

But there was little time for laughter in those days, what of our heavy work and of the awfulness of Wolf

He had received another stroke. He had lost his voice, or he was losing it. or something of that nature—a thing He had only intermittent use of it. As he phrased it, the wires were like the stock market, now up, now down. Occasionally the wires were up and he spoke as well as ever, though slowly and heavily. Then speech would suddenly desert him, in the middle of a "So it would seem, and the curse sentence perhaps, and for hours, some-



While I toiled at Rigging the Foremast Maud Sewed on Canvas.

tion to be reestablished. He complained of great pain in his head, and it was during this period that he arranged a system of communication against the time when speech should Concentration is perfect, I am all leave him altogether-one pressure of here and more than here." the hand for "yes," two for "no." It was well that it was arranged, for by evening his voice had gone from him. body had become his mausoleum. And By hand pressures, after that, he answered our questions, and when he wished to speak he scrawled his thoughts with his left hand, quite legibly, on a sheet of paper.

The flerce winter had now descended upon us. Gale followed gale, with snow and sleet and rain. The seals had started on their great southern migration, and the rookery was practically deserted. I worked feverishly In spite of the bad weather, and of the wind which especially hindered me, I was on deck from daylight till dark and made substantial progress.

I profited by my lesson learned through raising the shears and then climbing them to attach the guys. To the top of the foremast, which was just lifted conveniently from the deck. attached the rigging, stays and throat and peak halyards. As usual. I had underrated the amount of work involved in this portion of the task. and two long days were necessary to complete it. And there was so much yet to be done-the sails, for instance, which practically had to be made

over. While I totled at rigging the foremast, Maud sewed on canvas, ready always to drop everything and come to my assistance when more hands than two were required. The canvas was heavy and hard, and she sewed with the regular sailor's palm and three-cornered sail-needle. Her hands were soon sadly blistered, but she struggled bravely on, and in addition doing the cooking and taking care of

the sick man. "A hg for superstition." I said on Friday morning. "That mast goes in

today. Everything was ready for the attempt. Carrying the boom-tackle to ly clear of the deck. Making this shears-tackle (which was connected with the end of the boom) and with a few turns had the mast perpendicular

and clear.

"It works! It works! We'll trust our lives to it!" Then she assumed a rueful expres-

"It's not over the hole," she said.

Will you have to begin all over?" I smiled in superior fashion, and slacking away on the boom-tackle, I brought the butt of the mast into position directly over the hole in the deck. Then I gave Maud careful instructions for lowering away and went into the hold to the step on the schooner's bottom.

I called to her, and the mast moved easily and accurately. Square fitted into square. The mast war stepped. I raised a shout, and she ran down to see. in the yellow lantern light we peered at what we had accomplished. We looked at each other, and our hands felt their way and clasped. The eyes of both of us, I think, were moist with the joy of success.

"It was done so easily after all," I remarked. "All the work was in the preparation."

'And all the wonder in the completion," Maud added. "I can scarcely bring myself to realize that that great mast is really up and in; that you have lifted it from the water, swung it through the air, and deposited it here where it belongs. It is a Titan's task."

"And they made themselves many inventions," I began merrily, then paused to sniff the air.

I looked hastily at the lantern. t was not smoking. Again I sniffed. "Something is burning," Maud said,

with sudden conviction. We sprang together for the ladder, but I raced past her to the deck. A dense volume of smoke was pouring out the steerage companionway.

"The Wolf is not yet dead," I muttered to myself as I sprang down through the smoke,

The source of the smoke must be very close to Wolf Larsen-my mind was made up to this, and I went straight to his bunk. As I felt about among his blankets, something hot feil on the back of my hand. It burned me, and I jerked my hand away. Then I understood. Through the cracks in the bottom of the upper bunk he had set fire to the mattress. He still retained sufficient use of his left arm to do this. The damp straw of the mattress, fired from beneath and denied air, had been smouldering all the while.

As I dragged the mattress out of the bunk it seemed to disintegrate in mid-air, at the same time bursting into flames. I beat out the burning remnants of straw in the bunk, then made a dash for the deck for fresh

minutes later, when the smoke had fairly cleared, I allowed Maud to come below. Wolf Larsen was unconscious, but it was a matter of minutes for the fresh air to restore him. We were working over him, however, when he sighed for paper and pencil. "Pray do not interrupt me,"

wrote. "I am smiling." "I am still a bit of the ferment, you

see," he wrote a little later. "I am glad you are as small a bit

as you are," I said, "Thank you," he wrote. "But just

think of how much smaller I shall be before I die.'

"And yet I am all here, Hump," he wrote with a final flourish. "I can think more clearly than ever in my life before. Nothing to disturb me.

It was like a message from the night of the grave; for this man's there, in so strange sepulture, his spirit fluttered and lived. It would flutter and live till the last line of communication was broken, and after that who was to say how much longer it might continue to flutter and live?

### CHAPTER XXXII.

"I think my left side is going," Wolf Larsen wrote, the morning after his son, will you show this gentleman attempt to fire the ship. "The numbness is growing. I can hardly move my hand. You will have to speak sion, "perhaps he would prefer to see louder. The last lines are going some of those near-silk ladies' coat down."

"Are you in pain?" I asked. I was compelled to repeat my question loudly before he answered,

"Not all the time." The left hand stumbled slowly and painfully across the paper, and it was for several minutes he inspected color with extreme difficulty that we de- combinations and felt fabrics. Finally ciphered the scrawl. It was like a the clerk dropped him into hot water 'spirit message," such as are deliv- again. ered at seances of spiritualists for a dollar admission.

"But I am still here, all here," the hand scrawled more slowly and painfully than ever.

The pencil dropped, and we had to replace it in the hand.

"When there is no pain I have perfect peace and quiet. I have never thought so clearly. I can ponder life and death like a Hindu sage."

"And immortality?" Mand queried loudly in the ear.

Three times the hand essayed to write but fumbled hopelessly. The pencil fell. In vain we tried to replace it. The fingers could not close on it. Then Maud pressed and held Austria, who lavished vast sums on the fingers about the pencil with her its embellishment. It contains over own hand, and the hand wrote, in a hundred rooms and is surrounded large letters, and so slowly that the by wonderful gardens. minutes ticked off to each letter:

"B-O-S-H." It was Wolf Larsen's last word, bosh," skeptical and invincible to the istry, "under what combination is end. The arm and hand relaxed. The gold most quickly released?" The stutrunk of the body moved slightly. dent pondered a moment. "I know

she was relieved from holding the released the hand. The fingers spread slightly, falling apart of their own weight, and the pencil rolled away.

"Do you still hear?" I shouted, hold ing the fingers and waiting for the single pressure which would signify 'Yes." There was no response. The hand was dead.

"I noticed the lips slightly move," Mand said.

I repeated the question. The Hps moved. She placed the tips of her fingers on them. Again I repeated



Dragged the Mattress Out of the Bunk.

the question. "Yes," Maud announced, We looked at each other expectantly. "What good is it?" I asked. "What can we say now?"

"Oh, ask him-" She hesitated.

'Ask him something that requires no' for an answer," I suggested. Then we will know with certainty." "Are you hungry?" she cried.

The lips moved under her fingers. and she answered, "Yes." Will you have some beef?" was her next query.

"No," she announced.

'Beef-tea?'

"Yes, he will have some beef-tea," she said quietly, looking up at me. "Until his hearing goes we shall be able to communicate with him. And after that-"

She looked at me queerly. I saw her lips trembling and the tears swimming up in her eyes. She swayed toward me and I caught her in my

"Oh, Humphrey," she sobbed, "when will it all end? I am so tired, so tired."

She buried her head on my shoul-Several buckets of water sufficed to der, her frail form shaken with a storm put out the burning mattress in the of weeping. She was like a feather middle of the steerage floor; and ten in my arms, so slender, so ethereal. "She has broken down at last," I thought. "What can I do without her help?"

But I soothed and comforted her, till she pulled herself bravely together and recuperated mentally as quickly as she was wont to do physically.

"I ought to be ashamed of myself," she said. Then added, with the whimsical smile I adored, "but I am only one small woman."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### COULD MAKE A GOOD GUESS

Young Man Was Not Sure as to Size, but Was Willing to Take a Chance on It.

Into a men's furnishing store stepped a young man warily, almost timidly. He lacked the air of confidence of the man who is about to purchase a tie or a handkerchief or a collar. Eagerly the genial floorwalker pounced upon him and the prospective customer's first words explained everything.

"Have you anything suitable for a young lady?" he asked, looking about dazedly at the rows of shirt boxes. 'Something for her birthday, you

"Well, I should say we have. Step right this way, please. Miss Appersome ladies' hose, or"-he added, as he noted the inquirer's pitiable confusweaters?"

He would, he certainly would, and when he found a man in charge at the sweater counter he became almost himself again. The sweater idea seemed to strike him favorably, and

"About what size does the young lady wear?"

It was a poser and entirely unexpected. The young man gazed at a dummy figure on which a sweater coat was displayed, then walked up to it, circled it with his arm, and nodded: "About this size, I think."

In Kings' Houses.

The German emperor's palace at Corfu, recently a subject of newspaper dispatches, is described as a magniticent white marble edifice, one of the most luxurious royal residences ever built. It was formerly the property of the unfortunate Empress Elizabeth of

Answered.

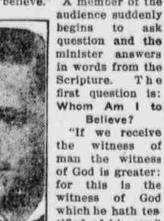
"Now." said the professor of chem-Maud clapped her hands the instant Then there was no movement. Maud sir," he answered. "Marriage."

## Questions of Man-Replies by God

By REV. B. B. SUTCLIFFE Extension Department Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

TEXT-Only believe,-Mark 5:36,

Suppose a minister is preaching on the word "believe." A member of the



question and the minister answers in words from the Scripture. The first question is: Whom Am I to Believe? "If we receive the witness of man the witness

of God is greater: for this is the witness of God which he hath tes tified of his son," I John 5:9. It is not the church,

nor the minister, nor any company of men the sinner is to believe, but it is God himself as he speaks concerning his son. There might possibly be some hesitation in believing what man would say, but there can be no hesitancy in accepting the testimony of such a credible witness as God. The sinner is asked to believe none except the God of the Scriptures. Then another question is immediately asked, viz: What Am I to Believe?

God's own answer to this is "he that believeth not God hath made him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave his son. And this is the record that God hath given

to us eternal life, and this life is in his son," I John 5:10, 11. That record is the gospel concerning God's son, Jesus Christ, who was delivered for our offenses, who died for our sins according to the Scriptures, who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, and who was raised from the dead the third day according to the Scriptures. This is what God declares concerning his son, and this is what the sinner must believe in order to have God's gift of eternal life. I am to believe, on the authority of God's own testimony, that Christ died for my sins and that he rose from the

The questioner asks a third question, viz:

dead and ever liveth to make interces-

sion for me.

Why Am I to Believe? Because God commands it. "And this is his commandment, that we should believe on the name of his son, Jesus Christ," I John 3:23. Again, because a refusal to believe is the same as calling God a liar-"he that believeth not God hath made him a Har.' I John 5:10. Again because it is the way to please God-"for without faith it is impossible to please him," Heb. 11:6. Again because the refusal to believe seals one's own doom. "He that believeth shall be saved and he

that believeth not shall be damned,"

Mk. 16:16. Still another question is asked, viz: God's answer to this question is very direct, for he says, "Now is the accepted time, behold today is the day of salvation," II Cor. 6:2. Again, he says, "Today if ye will hear his voice harden not your heart," Heb. 3:7. We are continually warned not to procrastinate, "Boast not thyself of tomorrow for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth," Prov. 27:1. "Not today" has brought many a soul to cry "To late." "Many will seek to enter in and shall not be able when once the master of the house has risen up and hath shut to the door," Mk. 13:24, 25. Not tomorrow, but today is your day of salvation.

Another question is then asked,

May I Believe as I am? God answers this by saying, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out," John 6:37. "To him that worketh not but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly his faith is counted for righteousness," Rom. 4:5. Again he says, "Whosoever will may come and take of the water of life freely," Rev. 22:17. The only class who can be saved is sinners. If one waits to become good before believing that, one will never be saved. The sinner is to believe just as he is-good, bad or indifferent.

But another question is asked: Can I Be Saved If I Don't Believe? As we listen God replies, "Without faith it is impossible to please him." Heb. 11:6. When Peter stood before the leaders in Jerusalem they suggested practically the same question and the reply was then and still is, "Neither is there salvation in any other for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved," Acts 4:12. "He that believeth not shall be damned." Mk. 16:16. There is none saved except through faith for "By grace are ye saved through faith," Eph. 2:8.

One last question is asked, viz:

Can I Be Lost If I Do Believe? And to this God answers, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," Acts 16:31. "He that believeth on the son is not condamned," John 3:18. "He that believeth hath everlasting life and shall not come into judgment, but is passed from death unto life," John 5:24. If any believing soul is lost God's word will be found to be untrue and God himself a false witness.

# "I DON'T SUFFER ANY MORE"

"Feel Like a New Person," says Mrs. Hamilton.

New Castle, Ind .- "From the time I was eleven years old until I was seven-



teen I suffered each month so I had to be in bed. I had headache, backache and such pains I would cramp double every month. I did not know what it was to be easy a minute. My health was all run down and the doctors did not do me any good. A

neighbor told my mother about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I took it, and now I fee! like a new person. I don't suffer any more and I am regular every month."—Mrs. HAZEL HAMILTON, 822 South 15th St.

When a remedy has lived for forty years, steadily growing in popularity and influence, and thousands upon thousands of women declare they owe their health to it, is it not reasonable to believe that it is an article of great merit?

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

And Served Him Right. "What would you call a pie-trust

"I'd call him a pie-rate king."

#### HOW TO HEAL ITCHING. **BURNING SKIN DISEASES**

A Baltimore doctor suggests this simple, but reliable and inexpensive, home treatment for people suffering with eczema, ringworm, rashes and similar itching, burning skin troubles.

At any reliable druggist's get a jar of Resinol Ointment and a cake of Resinol Soap. These are not at all expensive. With the Resinol Soap and warm water bathe the affected parts thoroughly, until they are free from crusts and the skin is softened. Dry very gently, spread on a thin layer of the Resinol Ointment, and cover with a light bandage-if necessary to protect the clothing. This should be done twice a day. Usually the distressing itching and burning stop with the first treatment, and the skin soon becomes clear and healthy again.-Adv.

An acre of land in Nova Scotia is said to have produced 500 bushels of potatoes.

Important to Mothers Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the

Signature of Chalffellehrs. In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria More than 300 kinds of fish have

When Housework Drags Keeping house is hard enough when well. The woman who has a bad back, blue, nervous spells, and dizzy headaches, has a hard lot, for the family tasks never let up. Probably it's the result of kidney trouble and not the much-feared "woman's weakness." Strengthen the kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills. They are as harmless as they are effective and may be used

for children with weak kidneys, too. A Nebraska Case

Mrs. E. Rieken, Second St., Albion, Neb., says: "For four years I had sharp pains through the small of my back and when I stooped I got dizzy. I didn't sleep well and mornings felt all worn out. My health was all run down, I lost weight, and had a poor appetite. On a friend's advice I used Doan's Kidney Pills. Two or three boxes corrected the trouble and toned up my whole system."

Get Doan's Any Store, 50c a Beg

## Don't Persecute Your Bowels

Get Donn's at Any Store, 50c a Box

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FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal, harsh, unnecessary. Try CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature





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